Songe the Century

NIGHT TAIL-OFFS IN LEATHER (Tune -Deep in a dream of you)

I dim the fluorescents and fasten my bolt To snow on the wings is beginning to melt So I taxi her out with my mind full of doubt Round the lager Brewery and another nite take-off to do. I line up on 2-8 and give her the gun. Me're off of the ground but our work isn't There's thousands of feet of for we must

meet. An instrument ascent to go through.

Then out of nowhere, a plane meets our stare Now the tide has gone and went And we rack her off to the right Just by a hair, we missed it back there

We break out on top, for the Buncher we head We sigh with relief for we're glad we're not How sad and still tonite, Boom, boom dead.

We're no longer afraid, nothing left but the How those cob-webs cob raid

For we're back up again in the blue. * * * * * * * * *

MINIPEG INORE (Tune - Ruben, Ruben)

Twas my first trip up the Chippewah River _y first trip to the Canadian Shore Micre I first met Irs. Carrie O'Flanagan Commonly known as the Minnipeg More.

"Now young man, your face looks familiar Slap your ass across my imee and I'll give you a royal fuckin! Dollar and a half will be my fee".

Slapped a dollar on the counter Swore to Christ I'd pay no more Lifted 50 yards of calico Put the boots to the Vinnipeg Whore.

Some were did llin', some were fiddlin' Some lay sprawled drunk on the floor While over in a cozy corner I put the boots to the Winnipeg More.

Then out came trooping whores and bitches There must have been a score or more You would laughed to shit your britches To see my ass wobble out that door,

. * * * * * * * * THE LAHOGINY LUD: (Tunc -

The Lahogany is dusty All the pipes are very rusty and the good old fashioned musty --Doesn't musty any more. Then the stuff got burn and bunner Theough the middle of the summer Now the Bar is on the hummer ,nd "For Rent" is on the door. (Continued - next colum)

THE LLHOGANY BAR (Continued)

How sad and still tonight, boom, beanight By the old distillery How those monners moan Up in the mountain tops For from the eyes of cops Up where the moon shines on the moonshine so stillily.

Goodness me how misery doubles Ain't one thing for making bubbles For to drive away your troubles. Days and nites are getting bleaker Shiverin' for an old time sleeker Then we're climbing back up thru the nite. Even the water's gettin' weaker 'Bout one-tenth of one percent.

> By the old distillery Thound the old machinery So mister, if you please Don't let nobody sneeze Up where the moon shines on the moonshine - so stillily. * * * * * * * *

MY SWEET EVALINA (Tune -

'Twas down in cunt valley where the maidenheads grow.

On Cocksucker's Levy where the Piss River flows.

'Twas there that I met her, the girl I adore - My Sweet Evalina My Cow Cunted Whore.

She's dirty, she's filthy, she'll shit in the street

And each time I meet her she's always in heat.

She'll fuck for a quarter, she'll take less or more - My Sweet Evalina, My Cow Cunted Whore.

The first time I met her, she was sweet and young.

She didn't know a piece of ass from a piece of bull tongue.

She'll fuck for a quarter, sho'll take loss or more. My Sweet Evalina My Cow Cunted Whore.

The last time I saw her, twas late in the fall.

She gave me the clap at the Fireman's Ball.

She gave me the eye as she skirted the room

And she singed all the hair off my touchy maroon.....

Sweet Evalina, the girl I adore -My sweet Evalina, my Cow Cunted Whore.

* * * * * *

EARLY ABORTS (Tunc - McNemarre's Bend) -

my name is Colonel the leader of the Group. gather fround you pilots Till give you all the poop. wonder where the Juftwaffe is call about the flak I'm the last one to take off And the first one to get back. CORUS Marly aborts, avoid the rush Marly aborts, avoid the rush

Oh, my sister's name is Minnie And she plots the Yankee flights She monitors their radios In destine and at night She's listened to their corny quips Until she is nearly deaf She's even been propositioned Over Yankee V.H.F. CHORUS

On my name is "Two-drawer" Merrill And I'm just a paddle-foot Then the 17s are up I think the idea's Oh the guns begin to blaze eway And the flak begins to pound But it doesn't bother me at all For I am on the ground. CHORUS

Oh my name is Doc McCarthy And they dell me what the Queek! Itll give your shot of whiskey If you should get clep from a toilet sect I didn't have my favorite dream Or syphilis from a class I'll take some penticillin And shove it up your ass. CHORUS · 安徽 张 张 郑 7 元

DISC SEED . (Turic -

Aisc speed, erretic disc speed Or is your trail arm troubling you? Dubble trouble, roller slippage Cable too long Lith compensating pre-set cross trail You can't to wrong. Misc speed; crratic disc speed Or is your trail arm troubling you? ask your anstructor -It!s better on the other sightDry run!!!!! * * * * * * * *

COLEN IN THE STRVICE

in the services there are naughty women the will do nost anything if you have a Maves are helf a crown, MACs are helf a Guinea. Big fat WWW - two yound ten TS a penny.

THE SAGA OF THE SAEDE (Tune -

We were going on a mission and the Swede was on my right then the leader made a steep turn to the left.

Oh the Swede he racked it over And he held it in there tight But he couldn't hold it there despite his

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him As he fell off in a skid. So I cut back my 4 throddles To go back and help the kid. It was too late when I got there He was going down in flame, And it's lucky that I didn't get the

Oh the Jerries they did bounce him And I say this heartfully If you will fly your missions You must cut across your knee. Now you all have heard my story It's the saga of the Swede And you'll never make a steep turn When you're flying in the lead. * * * * * * * * *

I COULDET SILUF A WINK LAST NITE (Tune - same as title)

I couldn't sleep a wink last nite I was in an awful plight A newly married couple With Love in bloom Were occupying the next hotel room. For they were on their favorite theme. I had to call them up this morning To see if everything was still all right Yes, I had to call them up this morning For they didn't sleep a wink last nite. * * * * * * *

AN BLUE HEAVEN (Tune - same as title)

Then evening is nigh and passion grows high I hurry to my blue heaven. A little red light I turn to the right And climb up to my blue heaven. I see a smiling face On a pillow case A form divine-I'll gladly pay the prica For the paradise I know'll be mine. Just Holly and me There'll never be three We're careful in my blue heaven.

STEVE O'DON'EL'S WAKE

Steve O'Donnell was an Irishman 'most everybody knew
He was loved by all his friends, both rich and poor
And of course they all felt sorry when they heard that Steve was dead
And they saw that bit of crepe upon the door

Now Undertaker Feeney had the job to lay him out He bought a casket of the finest make He dressed the corpse in Broadcloth and said, "Boys I have no doubt That you'll all remember Steve O'Donnell's wake."

CHORUS

For there were fighters and biters and Trish dynamiters
There was beer and lots of whiskey wine and cake
There were men of high positions, lots of Irish politicians
And they all got drunk at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

Now the barber came to shave that Galway slugger from his throat And comb his hair up a la pompadour He had a red necktie and a buttonhole bouquet was in his coat And a bunch of shamrocks in his hand he were.

There were fourteen candles at his head and thirteen by his side And lots of flowers sent for friendship's sake.
"Oh Steve me bye why did you die?" the weeping widow cried Shure we all felt bad at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

CHORUS

Now Mike McGovern said he though O'Donnell was a stew Of course he only meant it for a joke But Paddy Mack got up his back and at McGovern flew And he hit him in the eye an awful poke

All hands started fightin' then, for everyone was mad and blod enough was spilled to form a Take
They knocked the casket on the floor and blew out all the lights
There was murder down at Steve O'Donnell's wake

CHORUS

The police came in to stop the row and to make them understand The corpse was picked up by his brother Dan But someone stole the nectie that was 'round O'Donnell's throat And McGovern said O'Rielly was the man.

O'Rielly's friends got crazy mad, they swore they'd have his life McGovern saw he'd made a great mistake
But they fought and kicked and rolled around until the cops came back
And arrested all at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

CHORUS

A----MEN.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS (Tune - John Poel

on you get up in the morning ling full of sexual joy you wife's in a family way your daughter's feeling coy. st rift it up the arsehole ur eldest boy revel in the joys of fornication.

CHORUS Outs on the roof tops, cuts on the tiles Jots with syphilis; cats with piles Mattle brown arscholes wreathed in smiles As you revel in the joys of formication.

The donkey is a very funny bloke He very seldom gets his poke But when he does----he lets it soak As he revels in the joys of fornication. CHORUS- - -

Mippopotemi, so it seems very seldom have Said, "But I have come for you wet dreams. But when they do----it comes in streams And they revel in the joys of formication. In my lonely cell I sit

CHOKUS- - - - - With my shirt tail dipped in shit

Dogs on the beaches, dogs on the rocks, Dogs with syphilis, dogs with pox. Dogs with great big festering cocks They shove peanuts up my ass and they revel in the joys of formication. As the father of that little ball of year There was a Captain, a shagger of renown, He shagged all over London town, But then it finally got him down But he'd reveled in the joys of fornication. We're going on a mission 杂音 张 张 张 张 张

THE EARD PLAYED ON (Tune - The band Played on)

Casey got hit with a bucket of shit and the band played on. He waltzed 'cross the floor with the dirty old whore and the band played on. Tis balls were so loaded They mearly exploded The old girl just shook with delight, He married the whore with the 18 inch bore-

and the band played on. * * * * * * * *

HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY

(Tune -He's such a nice boy, he wears a watch on his wrist.

He's such a nice boy and he's never been kissed.

Then he saw Rudolph Valentino in "Plood and Sand!!

He stood up and shouted, "Christ! What a mc.n."

He's such a nice boy with his pretty red tie,

And his hair has a vaseline shine. He's never been a sailor and he's never been to sea - how he knows so many sailors is a mystery to me.

de's such a mice boy, he's such a mice boy, Chank God he's no relation of mine!

LITTIN BALL OF YARN

(Tune -

It was in the merry month of may Then the jacks begin to bray And the jennies wipe their fannies on the barn, That I met a maiden fair And I asked her if she dare, Let me wind up her little ball of yarn.

She said, "But, you're a stranger And you don't know the danger And you might do me some great harm. But for a five dollar bill We can go behind the hill You can wind up my little ball of yarn.

Nine months have passed by In my little room I sit Thinking I had done her no great harm, When an Officer dressed in blue As the father of that little ball of yar

And the maggots play billiards with my balls, and the people as they pass

大学 经安全条件

WEE'RE GOING OF A MISSION (Tune - Lili Herlene)

We know we'll all be back de don't mind the fighters and we don't mind the flak, For we're the 100th Bomb Group Tried and true Metre going up into the blue Teire going on a mission, And we know we'll all ba back.

We're going on a mission According to S-2 He tells the pilots That they're going to do For we're the 100th Bomb Group Tried and true We're going up into the blue We're going on a mission According to S-2.

We're scheduled for a mission But we'll probably hit the sack We don't mind the fighters and we don't mind the flak. For we're the 100th Bomb Group Tried and true We seldom get into the blue. We're scheduled for a mission But we'll probably hit the sack. 杂杂杂类 ** ** **

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THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (Tune

Oh! The birds they sing Of a British King Of many a year ago. He was a mighty monarch Though his mind was week and low, --He loved to change the bounding stag That roamed the Royal wood But best of all to hunt the cunt And to punch the Royal pud. His only undergarment was a dirty under-With which he tried to hide the hide But he couldn't hide the dirt. He was dirty and lousy and full of flees His terrible teol; hung down to his knees. He was the Bastard King of England

New Queen Hortense was a springhtly wench And a sprightly wench was she, But shee loved to fool with a majesty's .. tool so far across the sea. So she sent a special message By a special messenger inviting the King of France

To come and spend the night with her. (Tune-Redwing)

When news of this fould deed did reach fair England's shore The king, he swore by the shirt he wore He would have that Frenchman's balls. (Tune-riginal)

So he offered half a kingdom And a crack at Queen Hortense To any royal son of a bitch Who'd nut the King of Rrance. Then he sent the Duke of Zippity-Zap To give the Queen a dose of clap, Just for spite, that Bastard King of England

The Duke of Suffolk jumped on his horse And rade away to France Ho said ho was a fluter So the king took down his pants He tied a thing around his dong $\mathbf{H}_{\mathbf{e}}$ strode his horse and galloped along, Baek to the Bastard King of England.

The King threw up his breakfast And he wallowed on the floor For during the ride, that Frenchman's Had streched a yard or more. When the King of England had spied his tool For a cruel sadistric crime, He shouted to his court She must prefer my rival Because my dong is short When Britain's Ladies heard of this, They came from miles around They all took down their pants and said "To hell with England's crown."

Se Phillip of usurped the throne His sceptre is his mighty dong With which he rules the Bastard King of England

----Rudyard Kipling.

I'M NOT IN THE NUDE FOR LOVE (Tune I'm in the Mood for Love

I'M not in the nude for love Loving is not so funny I'm fleshing this thing for money So I'm not in the nude for love Nightly I entertain Dozens of half-wit faces The bays feel like going places But I'm not in the Nude for lov

Though my figures a trifle thinish My face a + ifle rough Yet when my number's finished Mr. Otis regrets that he's not seen

Of the lady without her fan My only claim is knowledge For I'm sending my son through college So I'M net in the nude for love

THE ISLE OF CAPRI (Tume - The Isle of Capri

'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I Met her

Tnking a snooze 'neath the old erange Tree,

Oh, I can still see the flies buzzing 'round her As she slept on the Isle of Capri.

I said, "Lady I'm not a rever Working my way through college, I am, Wen'tyou take a little subscription? Well, she lifted her head and said "SCRAM"

I said, Lady please don't deny me! Please do as you are bid." She said, "Brother, try and make me! Well, I amt only tried but I did. On the morning I left for Mamorka. Leaving with her just a memory of me Now that memory can read the New Yorker

That I sold on the Isle of Capri,

A DISIAL LIFE

(Tune -My home presents a dismal picture Sad and gloomy as a tomb Father suffered from a stricture Mother has a fallen womb

Brother Bill has been deported And the maid has been aborted For the forty-second time

Sister Sue has painful menstruations No one laughs and no one smiles And mine is a dismal occupation Cracking ice (clink-clink-clink(for grandpa's piles.

DON'T SEND MY BOY TO BERLIN (Tune

Don't send my boy to Berlin The dying mother said Don't send my boy to Berlin I'd rather see him dead For when the flak starts poppin! With fighters all around-Dond send my boy to Berlin Just keep him on the ground.

THE HIT SONGS OF THE "CENTURY"

his is a RESTRICTED ablication - Pluase not leave it about colessly on tops of jous bars, pianos, yowever, when the and place is -sing these all your might.

Compiled and passed by

"THE BOARD OF BAR ROOF BARITOMES" "TAPPA HALFA KEG FRATERNITY" "ROYAL ORDER OF THRODDIE BEIDERS" "ALAIGALATED TOGGLEERS Ltd." "SOCIETY OF MICH ALTITUDE BOOKEL PERS" ULICHTY LICKEY FEW OF ALERICA" "T.A. JÜNIOR GLEE CLUB" "PRATING PADDIEFOOT PROVISIONAL SOCIETY"

ithout any further adieu - The Battle Hymns of the Hundredth......

NEILIE DARLING (Tune - Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life)

Oh, your ass is like a stove-pipe Nellie darling,

There's a yard of 'lint that's hanging from your navel.

You are the filthiest bitch that I have ever seen.

There's an odor of blue ointment 'round your pussy,

Then you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass.

There's enough wax in your ears to make a candie -

So kindly make one dear, and shove it up your ass.

* * * * * * *

IRISHIAN'S SH. MTY (Tune - Irish Washerwoman)

Oh, I'd like to live in an Irishman's shanty

There water is scarce, and liquor is plenty

A three-legged stook and a table to match

And a whore in the corner with hair on her snatch.

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HOW THE LONEY ROLLS IN (Tune - Ly Bonnie Lies over the Ocean)

My mother makes snow for the snowbirds By father makes synthetic gin Iv sister sells love for a living ily god, how the money rolls in. CHORUS colls in, rolls in Ly God, how the money rolls in Holls in, rolls in y god, how the money rolls in.

by uncle's a poor missionary, He saves little girlies from sin, He'll save you a blond for five dollars- There's a dozen on my cousin. Ly God, how the money rolls in. CHORUS - - - - - -

I've tried out that snow for the snow-

birds, I've tried out that synthetic gin I've tried out that love for a dollar, ly God, what a shape I am in. CHORUS - - - - - -

HULORESQUE (From the tune of the same name)

Presengers will please refrain From flushing toilets while the train And the nipples on your tits are turning Is standing in the Station, I love you. We encourage constipation While the train is in the Station While the train is moving, so can you.

If you must water, please call the porter And he will place a vessel in the vestibule

Tramps who're riding underneath Will catch it in the face and teeth The running water makes me think of you.

We like to go out after dark and goose the statues in the dark If Sherman's horse can take it -So can you. Chorus girls and dancing ladies Must take douches or have babies-How do you like the way I part my hair

Little birds that fly the ocean Then their bowels recieve the motion Drop their little droplets in the sea. That is how they formed Great Britain-It was by the seagull shittin' and the evidence is here for all to see. * * * * * * *

ARRY PILOTS

(Tune -Sheill be comin! Round the Mt.

Oh, there are no Army pilots down in hell. There are no Army pilots down in hell -The place is full of ducers Navigators, Bombardiers But there are no army pilots down in hell-

SWEET MARIE

(Tune - She'll be comin' Round the

There's a skeeter on my peter, sweet Lari There's another on my brother, carlt you se Can't you hear the bastards buzzin' There's a skecter on my peter, sweet Harie 共分元 计分分分

Scated one nite in O'Reilly's Bar

(Tune -

There once was an English maid
Who said she wasn't afraid to show her
shank to some Yank
For the dough hs paid.
For a little jack, she'd gladly share
her shack and sive him a treat

her shack and give him a treat
That can't be beat and after that a
snack.

Oh, the moon shines tonight on Picadilly There's no red lights - but maids all frilly

As you walk around, you feel so silly You can't escape their naughty charms.

On Trafalgar Square, you'll also find them there -They'll be on benches, buxom wenches

With peroxide hair Lord Molson is there too but doesn't

know what to do
as he's in stone and up there alone
and cannot follow through:
Oh, there's no moon tonight in

Trafalgar The girls will haunt you and some will taunt you.

Stone lions sit there, they are asleep, But "she-wolves" creep all thru the nite.

Over in Hyde Park, as soon as it gets dark, the cuddling pairs heave their chairs on a little lark. If a Bobby should, by chance, discover this romance-

Give the devil his due and carry thru,
Say you're teaching her to dance!
Oh, there's no moon tonite in Hyde Park
Among the trees you'll see some knees
On the grass they're sure to leave their
mark -

in Hyde Park, In LONDON TOWN!

FURRY FIRR SONG (Tune - Mairzy Doats)

Daisy Mac laid in the hay
and L'il Abner jabbed her.
I would jabbed 'er too,
Wouldn't you?
Dale showed Flash
Her little gash
And Flash he really slashed 'er.
I would slashed 'er too,
Wouldn't you?

Oh, it's nothing new for boys and girls to screw, It happens nite and day. But the people in the papers
They cut their little capers
But you never see them lay.

Tillie the Toiler
She wheezed like a boiler
Then Little Mac he cracked ter,
I would cracked ter too,
Wouldn't you?

Listening to tales of blood and slaught Came the thought into my mind,
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter,
CHORUS
Tiddledy - eye-ce, Tiddledy - eye Tiddledy - eye-se for the one ball ri
Rig - a-jig, jig, jig, Balls and all
Rub-a-dub, dub, shag on.

I grabbed that she bitch by the tits

T grabbed that she bitch by the tits
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged some more
Shaged until the fun was over
CHORUS -----

There came a knock upon the door
Tho should it be but her Goddam father,
Two horse pistols in his hands
Looking for the man who shagged his
daughter.

CHORUS - - - - - -

I grabbed that bastard by the cock Shoved his head in a pail of water, Jammed those pistols up his ass A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

CHORUS - - - - - -

Now, when I go walking down the street Prople yell from every corner There goes that Goddam Son of a Bitch The guy that shagged O'Reilly's daughter.

He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
He laid her on the dewey grass,
And......he....he....
Shoved his penis up her ass
Shoved his penis up her ass.
Ha,ha,ha, Ho,ho,ho, SOLE SHIT!

He laid her on a downy bed,
He laid her on a downy bed,
He laid her on a downy bed,
Andhe....he....
Busted up her maiden head
Busted up her maiden head.
Ha,ha,ha, Ho,ho,ho, SOLE SHIT!

He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
Ind.....he....
Thought held go another round
Thought held go another round
Ha,ha,ha, Ho,ho,ho, SOLD SHIT!

CASEY JOIES (Tune - Casey Jones)

gone all you airmen if you want to hear fory of a brave aviateer name Leg 4 engine, boys, he won his fame. They woke Casey it was black as sin, ctions told Casey that the target's Berlin.

Esey could tell by the lines on the map that this was to be his final lap

lasey Jones, Lines on the map basey Jones, his final lap Jasey Jones, lines on the map Ies, this was to be his final lap.

ajor Bowman said, Boys, there'll be some flak"

basey could tell that he wouldn't be back. e turned to his crew, this is what he said, Metre goint to make Berlin but we'll all be dead!

Jasey walked into the drying room te hollered for his clothing with an awful boom.

the sergeant knew by the bastard's groans That the man at the counter was Casey Jones. JHORUS "o.

Jasey Jones, the man at the counter Jasey Jones, by his moans and groans. Casey Jones, the man at the counter Yes the man at the counter was Casey Jones.

Casey took off and all he left was smoke He said, "I've got a present for the Herrenvolk,

They may get me but I'm here to tell There'll be a lot of Pazis down with me in Hell."

They formed up over Buncher 28. Casey could tell they were gonna be late He called up the leader over V H F Said, " le'd better hurry up or we'll all be left."

CHORUS Jasey Jones, we'd better murry up dasey Jones, or we'll all be left Jasey Jones, we'd better hurry up fos, we'd better hurry up or we'll all be left.

Now Case, was flying in the dismond that day, ... He said, "For the Luftwaffe I'll be easy

prey,

There's gonna be a decoration comin' to me But it'll be the Purple Heart, posthumously! He took a burst of flak between 3 and 4 He yelled, What's all brother, there wint

eny morel" Me relled her over, went into a spin They couldn't bail out so they rode her in.

Casey Jones, couldn't bail out Casey Jones, the rode her in Casey Jones, couldn't bail out No, they couldn't bail out so they rode her in. (Continued next column)

CASEY JOHES (Continued) Fireball Leader called to Yellow Low Said, "See that awful sight down there below?"

Yellow said, WI'll betcha halfa crown That he landed on the gunner that shot him down."

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, he landed on the gunner Casey Jones, that shot him downse it. Casey Jones, he landed on the gunner Yes, he landed on the gunner that shot chim down!

The boys were searthat evening in the club.

They seemed to think that someone had flubbed their dub.

The Colonel said, "There'll be no more of this,

There's another crew waitin' at the Station in Diss."

UE MISSED THE TARGET (Tune - Stars and Stripes Forever)

He started to go on a mission And they said that it would be visual, But the cloud cover was ten-tenths So we had to use our Mickey sets. Now you may think that we missed the target.

Mell, UE DID!!!!!!

经存储证券的特别

VALLEY OF THE ROLL

(Tune-I-

He took a tour, tour, tour Christ, we took a tour To the Ruhr, to the Ruhr. He took a tour, tour, tour, Christ, we took a tour To the valley of the Ruhr. CHORUS

The searchlights they are blinding me The search - lights they are blinding me.

II - We saw some flak. III - We got whomped. W- We feathered one. V- We were low. VI-We feathered four. VII- We hit the deck. VIII- We set her down. IX-To staleg Juft, Luft, To Stales Left we go From the Ruhr, from the Ruhr. To Staling Luft, Luft To Staleg Luft we go From the valley of the Ruir.

UNOMUS.... y eyes are dir. _ cannot see The searchlights they are blinding m The search - lights they are blinding me: ******

HE GOT HIS ORDERS (Tune - The Wreck of the Old 97)

He got his orders from 3rd Air Division And they said - you're 30 minutes late This is a 4 engine machine He was way back in the column And he knew he'd get in trouble Unless he increased his rate.

Now the pilot was drunk and the Navigator crazy As they headed out to the North Sea Now the clouds were built up From the ground to 30,000 But he said, "I'll make the I.F."

Now he looked at the date, 'twas 31st Dec. And he said, "It's New Years Eve If I can get back to Old T---- A----. Nover the ground I'll leave."

on he started on the bomb run making 30 miles an hour

and the flak was bursting in his face He looked at his co-pilot whose face had quite a pallor

And the boys were seeing daylight through the waist.

Now he called up the leader said, "There's Bandits in the air.

Is this message of mine understood?" Fireball Leader said, "Close up the formation

Let's make the old 100th look good."

There were ME 109s and Focke-Wulf 190s And they hit them at the R.F. Now they may not scare you And they may not scare your brother But they sure scare the hell out of me.

So he feathered Number 1, fell out of position And his turbos were a wreck Now he called up the Group said, "I'm aborting We have screwed up our missions and I've got to hit the deck."

Then he feathered Number 2 and he feathered Number 3, Number 4 the one he didn't lack. "Now listen here you bastards, don't go and steal my clothes

Cause I'm sure I'm going to get back."

Now he called up Air-Sea rescue over old "C" Channel

Said, "You'd better be waiting for me -Now the air may be cold and the water may be salty

But I'm headin' for the old North Sea,"

So he hit the drink with his hand on the throttle

And his mind was filled with doubt Oh, they floated in the water for many an hour but they finally fished him out.

So he took his dr " 'rum " and reported to the Co'

THIS IS THE BIG B-17 (Tune - This Is The Army)

This is the Big B-17 It has taken off before But it won't fly around much anymon

He ground looped our 17. He crashed right in to our Latrine You have sut on those stools before But those hap py days are gone for evermor

MEs and Focke-Wulfs galore Now listed, Green, to what I've seen and you will want to fly no more.

He tock a trip right into France The poor bastard never had a chance MEs knocked him into a spin Now he'll never see England again. ,

Major Bowman's our 3-2 He tells the pilots what to do He said the route would be free of flak Only one Flying Fort made it back.

The pilot asked where's the I.P. The bombardier said, "Its under me." He dropped his bombs just as before Now there's no turnip patch anymore.

This is the famous Flying Fort I've seen many of them abort They got a sortic for that before But they won't get a sortie anymore.

Twenty-five was the normal tour. That's all a pilot can endure We've had it easy in the E.T.O. But we won't have it easy anymo.

moro.

We go down to the critique We are very very meek bufore And we're going to screw up some

This is the latest poop from group If you believe it you're a stoop You just follow the S.O.P. And England will never be free.

I go to the surgeon with a cold I'm feeling very very bold He says, "I know the very cure It's a trip to the heart of the Ruhr.

I go to London on a pass I go there to get my ass Doc McCarthy said "Take A Pro." Now I ain't got no balls anymo.

Promotions and modals they are few If you're on a Bomber crew. The best place to be is in that old chair

For flak cannot reach your bottom there.

* * * * * *

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO (Tune -

Oh they took me to the quad To the quad - to the quad Oh they took me to the quad Tied me to an iron rod And they left me there ,by God. To the quad - to the quad Domn their hides.

Oh the parson he did come He did come - he did come.

Oh my poppa he come too He come too - he come too Ch my bopperhe come too. Soying, "Som, what did you do?"
I said, "Pop, t'hell with you
Denn your hide."

Oh the sheriff he come too Ho come too - he come too. Darm their hides.

I saw Hellie in the crowd In the crowd - in the crowd. I saw Hellie in the crowd And she looked so tod-danned proud That I hollered right out loud, "Dawn your hide."

Let this be our parting knell forting knell - parting knell. Let this be our parting knell Hope's ': see you all in hell Hopes to hell you sizzle well Damn your hide.

* * * * * * * *

my name is Samuel Hall

muel Hall - Samuel Hall

man Department Store

I used to work in Chicago
I did but I don't anymore.

I asked her what kind she'd adore

Felt she said, so felter I did

T and but I don't anymore.

Cocker Junper Fokker Plane
Shoes
Blouse
Gloves
Tool
Beef Punps Rubbe**r** Crank Corned Nails Leat Spike**s** Ran * * * * * * * *

DRUMKEH PILOT

The did come - he did come.

Oh the person he did come

And he looked so 'od-demned glum

When he spoke of Kingdom Come.

Denn his hide.

(Tune - Ten fittle Indians)

1-Oh, what do we do with a drunken pilot

What do we do with a drunken pilot

So early in the Horning?

2-Put him in the nose of a Fortress Bomber

3-He will bomb the blind and pregnant

4-He will bolb their homes and Churches

5-He will bomb their Turnip Patches

On the sheriff he come too

With his boys all dressed in blue They're a bunch of muckers too

They're a bunch of muckers too

(Type - Traditional) (Tune - Traditional)

So it's up to the rope I go

Up I go - up 1 go.

So it's up the rope I go

So it's up the rope I go

With my friends all down below

Coying, "San we told you so"

Don't force it if it don't fit

You'll never have to 'pologise.

New the rooster, when he saw the egg

was red -Ment across the street and knocked the per.cock derd. Don't force it if it don't fit Get yourself a brand new size.

> Don't force it if it con't fit - Get pourself a brand new size Don't force it if it don't fit You'll never have to 'pologise
>
> Now the monkey, when he saw how the kid
>
> was slung
>
> Went and knocked hell out of the

Orangatung.

Orangapung. Don't force it if it don't fit Get yourself a branc new size!

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Mr

THE HILLS OF LEST VIRGINIA (Tune - traditional)

In the hills of West Virginia Lived a girl named Mancy Brown She was the fairest maiden A-lookin' for a thrill He took our little Mancy Away up in the hills.

She came rollin; down the mountain Rollin' down the mountain Rollin' down the mountain mighty wise

Rollin' down the mountain mighty wise

The long and the short and the tall

Bless all the blondies and all the that he was seekin! And remained as clear as West Virginia Each airman is happy to take what he

Along came a western cowboy, with his chaps and spurs and frills. He took our little Nancy 'way up in the hills. hills. She came rollin! down the mountain Rollin: down the mountain Rollin' down the mountain like a lamb We made the Limey shore For despite all his urgin' she remained The cloud was eleven-tenths right on the the village virgin - and as pure as West Virginia ham.

mlong came the city slicker

She stayed up in the mountain Up in the mountain, up in the mountain CHORUS over night.

The came down next morning early

Now she's living in the city

Living in the City, living in the city

mighty swell
Her cheeks, they were rosy
Her lips were red

She reached for his penis

And she's eatin' fancy "vittles"

And the West Windows And the West Virginia Hills can go to hell. He had no balls at all

Then along came the depression Caught the slicker by the pants
He gave up all his motorcars and gave up

She married a man who had no balls at all. little Nance.

•

the went back to West Virginia Back to West Virginia, back to West Virginia as of yore -

Both the cowboy and the deacon got the thrill that they were seekin!

For our Mancy's just a West Virginia where. * * * * * * *

DOWN IN RUHR VALLEY (Tune - Dirmingham Jail) Down in Ruhr Valley, flying so low Some chair-borne basterd said we must go.

Flak loves big bombers, fighters do too, She had hair on her bell; P-51 boys, what's happened to you?

And chacse in her box.

FORTRESS LEAVING BOLBAY (Tune - Bless Them All)

They say there's a Fortress just leav Lived a girl named Mancy Brown
She was the fairest maiden
In country or in town.

Along came the village decon
There's many a Heinkel made many a I saw many a Messerschmitt fall.
They shot off our bolics Shot up our hydraulics, but cheer up h lads. BLESS 'EM ALL! CHORUS Bless 'em all, bless 'em all brunettes gots so we're giving the eye to the all-To those who attract and apall Each Sally and Susie you can't be too choosy-So cheer up my lads - BIESS IM. ALL!

With six QDMs and some bloody good luc! deck And tried bloody hard to be more. They dug up a windmill and six thach-Along came the city slicker

With his hundred dollar bills

He took our little Mancy 'way up in the hills.

There'll be no promotion.

This side of the ocean - so cheer up many and the side of the ocea roofed shacks lad, BIDSS 'EM ALL!

* * * * * * * *

NO BALLS AT ALL The came down next morning early

Here a woman than a girlic and her Pa

chased the slicker out of sight.

Then Lulu was married she jumped into bed CHORUS : Mo balls, no balls, no balls at all

> Oh mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do. I've married a man who knows not how to screw. The daughter, dear daughter don't worry your head -I had the very same trouble with your Goddamned dad! CHORUS -

There once was a lady named Sylvia Fox * * * * * * * *

BLOODY GREAT MHEEL (Tune-

a ancient days there lived a maid o always did a rearing trade prostitute of ill repute marlot of Jerusalen

TS : M, Gathusalom-C∵thusalmo,Cathusalom ni Cathusalom harlot of Jerusalem.

Shis maiden's cust was round and red for forty years it had not bled Around and around went the bloody are it smelled as though it might be dead... In and out went the prich of steel The bunghole of Cathusalan. 0.1010B---

Mearby there lived a bugger tall tho with his tool could shift a wall ind he had slept with nearly all The harlots of Jerusalem. CHORUS- -

One night returning from a sprea With customery cock stood he And balls that hung below his knee. Was accosted by Cathusalem. 01101.US - -

She led him to a cozy nook And there uncoiled has femous erook. Full seven feet it throbbed and shook and quivered for Cathusalem. CTORUS - -

This sonofabitch was underslung. He missed her hole - he hit the bung He dadn't stop 'til he hit the dung In the bung hole of Cathusalen. CHOLUS - -

That bugger sure enjoyed his funind spitting like a Lewis gun Had sould the seeds of many a son In the bowels of old Cathusalem C. C. C. C.

There happened there that very night A bloody Shrike, a Gibborsite and he had come in search of right, Tound the walls of old Jerusalem. CLIOLIUS - -

He chanced to spy that cozy nook, He scized that bugger by his crook and tossed han anto Jebrons Brook That flows around Jerusalom. CTCLUS -- -

op for that sugger full of fight de seized that Shrike, that dibbersite and shoved it up with all his might the asshole of wathwaalen. 030ab3 - -

That little tart - she know her part She braced herself and left a fart and blow him out just like a dert A mile above Jerusalem. G10000 - - -

An airman told me before he died I wish I knew if the bastard lied That he had a wife with a cunt so wide That she had never been satisfied. So he fashioned a bloody great wheel He fastened it to a prick of steel Two balls of brass he filled with cream And the whole bloody issue was driven by stoom

CHORUS Around and around went the bloody great who "Enough, enough, enough! " she cried. For she'd been bloody well satisfied.

Mow the tragedy of this little skit There was no way of stopping it. Around and around went the bloody great wheel -In and out went the prick of steel She was split from cunt to tit And the whole bloody issue was covered with - - - - SIMIT VIGITIS etc etc

FASCIMIENC DIFFER

(Tune -

Oh, I wish I werea fascinating bitch I'd never be poor, I always would be rich. I'd live in a house with a big red light. I'd sleep all day and I'd work all might

Once a week I'd take a day off Just to drive my customers wild. Oh, I wish I were a fescinating bitch Instead of an illegitimate child.

- 张 张 张 新 养 新 新 HESSEURG (Tune- Hy Connie)

Our Bomb Group goes always to Herseburg Our Bomb Croup it never turns back Se go right in to the target We don't give a donn for the flak. CHOT:US

Merseburg, Merseburg, Oh look what has happened to ne,

Herseburg, Herseburg, Oh look what has happened to me.

Te fly with those 95th bastards They're yellow as yellow can be They turn 20 miles from the target And look what has happened to me. OMOLUS - -

(4) キューション・ウ

DAY IN 60 way, away, away we to What care we for any a foe

As over Germany we do go In a Flying Fortress Bother.

The navigator is a drunk He took his training in his bunk He shot a wing light for a star and we don't know where in hell we are. ***

BIG FATE (Tune - Ivan Skivinsky Skivar)

na.

ch.

lit.

ro.

You may have heard stories of bravery and guts in the land that they call ETO But the bravest of these was that big hunk of cheese And he was a big BTO.

were through
to the bar he would stear his big feet
For the drunkest of these was that big
hunk of cheese
the was known to us all as BIG FETE.

When I first met Big Pete he had two
more to go
As he leaned on the bar in the club
He turned round and said, "I'd rather be
dead than to keep on flubbin! the dub."

"Just give he those two, I'll no longer be blue-fighters and flak I will meet!"
"He's seen them pefore, they don't scare him no more.

Note the legend whe's known as Big Pete.

Then Pete Went on pass, he was rarin! for

But his love for his date it soon turned into hate

and her panties fluttered down to the ground.

The old concierge, his face was like a dirge For Monty was tracking the Hun. As he held up her pants by the seat.

He timidly knocked at the door that was to the folks in the pubs cocked - the one coupied by Big Pete. The were flubbing their dubs

Dig Pete opened the deer - on the floor crouched his where

A-shiverin! in her bare skin

Said Pete to that man, "Do you think that

I can wear that bra and that scanty

step-in?"

How there's many a maiden from old Picadill
The have gone to bed straight from the street
But damn few are found, and I'll bet my last
pound;
The have bedded down with our Big Pete.

Slar - you can easi

Then Fite finished up he drank his stirrup

cup - although he was barred from the slub He took his last piss at the station in Diss And he east his eyes way up above.

There goes my cla group
They fly 'cordin' to poop
I know that their bombs will fall sweet.
How he wished he were there
Mavigating for Tair
As was only done by Big Pete.

HONTY WAS TRACKING THE HUN (Tune - Iven Skivinsky Skiver)

It was England in Spring Churchill said, "Heave that thing For we've got the blokes on the nur-It came out in bold type Which bandied such tripe That Monty was tracking the Hun.

The weather was clear

For the first time this year

And each man was elecning his gun

With a stare on his face

Is he bent to the chase

For lenty was tracking the Hun.

With shoke pets full blast
To hide troops that had passed
As they marched with their backs to the sun
With full hunting gear

They called back to the rear That Monty was tracking the Mun.

With tanks loaded for bear who barrage in the air His boys captured yards one by one While Potton in style covered 35 mile While Monty was tracking the Hun.

With United States Gobs and Canadian Bobs And the 8th Air Force hiding the sun. He had Frenchmen and Poles in Limey foxholes

To the folks in the pubs
Who were flubbing their dubs
The war was practically wen.
High ever the Rhine
His beacon does shine,
For Monty's still tracking the Hun.

LITTIE STILL (Tune -

Down beneath the hill
There is a little still
And its smoke goes curling to the
sly - you can easily tell
By the sniffle and the smell
There's good likker in the air
close by.
THORUS
Keep your jug corked tight
And keep it out of sight
For it's only known to a few
So pucker up your lips
And take a little sip
Of the good old Hountain dew.

New 16 you should ever happen On this little still In the morning, noon or night You can have your jug filled With the likker we distill By us men who make it right. CMORUS

I WANTED LIGS (Tune

Twas Saturday night in this old mining town Jake's bar room was merry and gay and far from this laughter a mother did wait or Fop to come home with his pay.

other, oh Hother, oh where can he be?" Eughter exclaimed thru her tears other replied, "I'm sadly afraid" father has stopped for some beers."

the doors string in and the doors string out Spale some pass in and other's pass out Sour father I fear has his cose in some beer beaund those swinging doors.

"Now I shall go fetch him", the daughier did say,"He shan't bring disgrace to our name! So straightway she went to the corner saloon to sive bor poor father from shame.

"Oh father, dear father come home with me now The clock in the steeple strikes two, The rents to be paid and I'm sadly afraid You'll spend all your money for brow," JHORUS-

On the doors swing in and the doors swing out Thile some pass in and some pass out Through the smoke and the haze, there stands pop in a daza - whind those swinging doors, Behind those swinging doors.

Mach Saturday maght in this old mining town The miners come in with their gold And father blows in all his wages for gin and Hellie goes home in the cold.

"Oh nother", she uniled, "My mission I've failed-my father will never mend his ways. The mother replied, "It's always the same, It's always the woman who pays."

Oh the doors swing in and the doors swing out While some pass in and others pass out. The story is told of the fool and his gold Behind those swinging doors-Rehing those S ENGLIG DOORS!

公共分别 计分类 EVENT CHEED OUT HOVE A POSAL FORMER (Tune - Malancholy II by)

Every child must have a local father So honey don't you roll those eyes at me, -To go out and neck and pet together But I know what you're trying to do to me. First you but your hand upon my shoulder Nort you put your hard upon my knee But let's pull up my pasts .nd forget about romance 'Cause I'm not really for miteratty - -Mathout a father I'll have a moneless bastard on my imag. 数数数数数数数数数数数

> Brink, Drink, Drink you bitchia! Pastards. Raise your piss pots whon hath And we'll drink another glass To the biggest horses ass That was ever pledged to Reta Theta Pi)

I wanted wings Now I've got those goddened things I don't want those bloody wings For Distinguished Flying Crosses Do not compensate for losses And I'll never see my Hellic any non

Oh yes I will, oh yes I will I will see my darling Hellie evernor For Distinguished Flying Crosses Do not compensate for losses But Christ, what a hero in a bar.

BOOGIE

(Tune -

The alligator said as he swallowed the cat, "This is one bussy that you'll never get at." Sing boogie - sing Boogie.

Honkey and the beboon sitting in the the grass.

lonkey sloved his fincer up the Bàboon's ass. Sing Boogie + Sing Boogie.

Baboon said,"Goddam your soul Shove your dirty finger up your own ass hole,"

Sing Doogie, Sing Doogie.

Pappa got drunk, got thrown in the callerma's in bed with another man. Sing Boogie, Sing Loogie.

Pappa got drunk got thrown in jail Sister's on the corner hollerin!, "Pascy for sale".
Noogie , Sing Noogie. Sin Hoogie

Pappa got drunk, couldn't find the latch

Tried to put the key in the landlage snatch.

Sing Boogie, Cinc Loogie.

Pappa sot dryni, got lost in a fog Stumbled over Junior truing to cornhole the clog. Sing Doogic, githe Doogic.

Hamma's in Wed, pappa's on top. Junior's in the cradle hollerin!, "Shoot it to Fer Pop." Sing doogie, Sing Boogie,

DMT: TUTA PI

(Ture -Oh way down in Tenessee lives a horses ass, that!s me. and my f ther shoveled horse shit in the street.

How one day when I was young He found diamonds in the dung And he sent me to this fraternity QHORUS 5